

THE REGISTER



JUNE 1912

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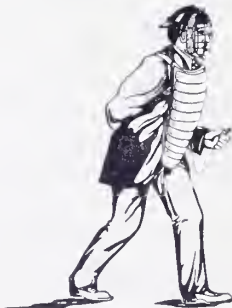


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Latin School Register

VOLUME XXXI., No. 8.

MAY, 1912

ISSUED MONTHLY

WINCHESTER CLIFTON PACKARD.....EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

FREDERICK JAMES GILLISBUSINESS MANAGER

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THE LAST OF THE E. I. C.

The last page of the thirty-first volume of "The Register" was turned, the gnawed remnant of an ill-omened pen cast aside, a scantily-padded office chair tipped gently back, a shapeless pair of legs crossed lazily over the corner of a tattered, ink-stained desk, and now a sigh of relief escaped the lips of the E. I. C. as he gazed thoughtfully about him. The clock ticked dismally. The

tired E. I. C. soon caught the rhythm, his heavy lids drooped, and a resounding snore promptly burst through the Sanctum. And then the E. I. C. had a dream, a sad dream. He dreamed that, while he was diligently scratching off his masterpiece on a fresh piece of foolscap, Minerva, his sole inspiration, softly shook her locks, smiled, stepped down from her lofty pedestal, and slowly

withdrew from the room. The poor E. I. C. was almost thunderstruck, but his narrow escape awoke him. The first thing his eyes sought was the pedestal. It was empty! His protector was gone—what could not befall him now? The E. I. C. shuddered as he gazed successively at the calendar, the clock, and a time-honored time-table which he drew methodically from his watch-pocket by means of a dainty leather charm. The next moment he had ripped the seam of the only sofa pillow in the room with his finger nail, and quickly snatched therefrom his last fall's straw hat. It was crushed! Alas! with all his vigilance, some revengeful E. had sat on it. Abashed, but not defeated, he slapped the remains impatiently on the back of his head, strapped an historical legging about his left ankle, clapped a bicycle clasp around the pant-leg of his right ankle, adjusted a cracked monocle to his bad eye—winding a rusty-looking string skilfully about his left ear, and lastly, with all the dexterity of an artist, transferred a cud of last fall's "Gee Whiz Pepsin" from behind his right ear into his cavernous mouth. The E. I. C. didn't stop to comb his moustache, or to shave, either, although he needed to badly—no, not he! For he was a hustler, a born diplomat, even though the B. M. always denied it. Stopping only to assure himself that his general appearance was tough, to sigh, cough, sneeze, and sprinkle a final dose of tooth powder about his chops, he at last grabbed a family carpet-bag, calmly judged the distance between himself and the nearest open window, and listened. What was that creeping noise issuing through

the transom that so horribly suggested underhandedness? Someone was sneaking down the corridor—or perhaps it was more than one! It was easy for the imaginative E. I. C. to picture a slouchy ruffian with masked face, holding before him a dark lantern and a deadly weapon. But it wasn't a ruffian, he was sure of that, for the E. I. C. knew instinctively just who it was! Perhaps that's why he had measured the distance to the window so carefully with his practical eye.

It was the B. M. who started it; the idea was his, and, of course, after he had made the proposal, nothing could prevent its spread. And he was the ringleader, too. Why not? Hadn't he had experience? Shouldn't he by lease of nature bear the guiding light? E. No. I said he shouldn't. Well, wasn't he fleet of foot? E. No. III said that this was only a lucky acquisition—merely a servant to his cowardice. Anyway, didn't he have money in his pocket, the very rattle of which bespoke power? An honorable gentleman from Class II asserted that it was not real money. But the idea—that was his! Yes, nobody could deny him that. In fact, when he expounded it, and the truth oozed slowly through the skulls of the resourceful E.'s, the B. M. was looked up to in reality, and the group of eager listeners began to question him. How had he thought of it? How had the B. M. thought of it! How could he help thinking of it? Here was the E. I. C. hammering at him day after day for money, sending him unmercifully after printer's scalps, blaming him, calling him all sorts of names, and causing him endless unrest and trouble. What would any

normal person think when, at last, he saw that pest deprived of his guardian, his protector? But was he sure that the E. I. C.'s guardian had left him? Perhaps it was a mistake. No, the B. M. had seen her, Minerva, flit out through the transom over the Sanctum door, but a moment before, and he had seen the empty pedestal and the snoozing E. I. C. through the keyhole. Ah! how he wished to get hold of him! But he remembered that others had been recipients of the E. I. C.'s wrath. He knew the advantage of numbers. Surely the B. M. could take no chances—for he was wise! So then he had told the others; they had planned, planned together their vengeance. Now! oh! now how they ached to rush in upon the hated E. I. C. and clutch him—by the throat—choke him! But they checked their zeal and proceeded cautiously, quietly—for they, too, were wise!

It was a weird throng that crept down the corridor on its way to the Sanctum, headed by the savage B. M. He's a smiling, good-natured chap usually, but now he wore a dark frown and was more impatient than ever with the A. B. M., who followed closely. The great mass of E.'s composed the centre, while two forlorn "gentlemen from Nebraska" brought up the rear, wondering whether they would ever so pollute their chaste beings as to become the instigators of such an intrigue. Evidently the "combine" had not yet finished its plans, for proposals continued to be made as the procession proceeded.

"Now, as soon as we get to that bubbling fountain opposite the Sanctum, let everyone draw in a good mouthful of

water with which to greet the unsuspecting E. I. C., and to give him, incidentally, the bath which he forgot to take last month," instructed the B. M.

"We'll do nothing of the sort!" retorted the A. B. M. vehemently. "Consider, man, the couch! Ye gods and little fishes! Would you wet that all over, and make a poor man lie on the floor to sleep?"

"Forget it!" interrupted E. No. I. "Why, we may now, I think, consider ourselves old enough to do away with the afternoon naps of our infant days, you know. I left off last week."

"Oh, it may be all right for you, who can curl up in the waste basket any time, but, let it be understood, my feet are unusually cumbersome——"

"And need the air!" suggested E. No. III.

"Do I hear a noise in my rear?" quoth the A. B. M., affecting surprise. "Oh, it's you, is it? Well, old chap, perhaps if you got the air once in a while, your athletic reports would be more consistent, and you wouldn't have cause to be in our ranks now. Where's that lobster?"

"Ah, there! Looking for me?" volunteered E. No. II.

"Yes, you. See here, take this handkerchief," and the A. B. M. pulled out a long, red, speckled bandanna, with which he was accustomed to mop off his noble brow as if in a sweat over his work, whenever the E. I. C. accosted him, "and slap it over the E. I. C.'s eyes as soon as we grab him. Will you do it?"

"Y-yes. Oh, yes, surely I'll do it all right!" replied E. No. II, in his usual sincere tone, whereat the A. B. M.

turned his attention to the edge of a glittering dirk which he drew stealthily from his inside pocket. Finding it in good condition, he gave it to E. No. IV, with dark insinuations as to the pricking of the E. I. C.'s hide. The A. B. M. himself carried a huge battle-axe—for self-protection.

"Don't forget your part," said the B. M. to E. No. I; "open those fairy eyes wide, make your curls stand up like a wild man, and stare!"

E. No. I had done this so frequently in connection with the lunch-room that it was almost second nature to him, and he assured the B. M. that he would not fail to be at his worst.

"Sh—sh—we draw near!" warned the B. M. "Silence now, everyone!"

Clank! clank! clunk!

"Whose clodhoppers are those!" thundered the indignant B. M.

"Your own!" accused the A. B. M.

"Sh!" again warned the B. M., as he tip-toed cautiously but painfully on his half-dozen corns.

They had now reached the fountain. "Get your water!" whispered the B. M.

The A. B. M. shook his head, and scowled fiercely, but to no avail—all drew in a mouthful. Now they were in front of that memorable portal, known to the world as the Sanctum door. All hesitated "in the much presence of the divinity," drew in a long breath—through their noses, of course—for the realization of their much-coveted revenge, flung the door open, and rushed forward!

"Hello! What's this mean?" asked the occupant of the room in surprise, but not in the usual harsh tones of the E. I. C.

The B. M. stopped dumbfounded, so did the E.'s. Their jaws dropped, and the water escaped all over their nineteen-

cent bosom shirts, and trickled on down their legs, spoiling many a hard-earned shine. The A. B. M. was the first to recover, and advanced fearlessly with his usual stock expression, "Greetings and salutations, old scout!"

"But why the battle-axe?" queried the victim-to-have-been.

"Well, I'll tell you, I've been pretty lazy so far, and it's been the fault of that confounded couch—it's so handy. Now ordinarily I'm a hustler, but I have, unfortunately, a strong tendency to snooze, so, to prove my real character, I've determined to knock that cussed cause of my former idleness to smithereens!"

"Good work, old top!"

At this E. No. IV stepped forward apologetically, and said tremulously, "You don't happen to have a coffee roll kicking around, do you? I brought a knife so that we might divide it up and celebrate, b-but——"

The poor E. No. I who, up to this time had looked the part he was intended to play in the broil, stroked his hair, and stammered, "You s-see, we thought the dear old place was on fire! But I didn't have time to put on my uniform, you know."

At this the jovial occupant of the Sanctum laughed outright. "I understand," he said. "Come, put aside your editorial guises, and be yourselves once more." This was too much for the B. M., the A. B. M., and the E.'s, and they repented of their sins, gladly joined in putting aside the dignity and necessary frills of office, forgot their thirst for vengeance, and united to renew their acquaintance, not with the haughty, stingy, troublesome E. I. C., but just simply with a jolly good friend.

W. C. P., '12.

FABULA PISCIS

I didn't do it exactly for spite, either. The fact is they had called me a "Jonah" simply because I couldn't catch a fish on that day I took them out. To tell the truth, I didn't try very hard, any way; I was bent on giving them a good time. And again, who can catch fish with all the science in the world under such circumstances? No self-respecting fish could be expected to approach such a boat load of howling land-lubbers. Well, I took it all right at the time, for, as I say, I wanted to see them enjoy themselves, but they made too confounded much of it; they've gone over the idea so many times since that they've got it into their heads I couldn't catch a fish even if I wanted to. So you see I didn't do it exactly for spite. I did it more to stop their talk; a man has got to retain his self-respect, you know. And then, too, it was a fine boating day.

Old Henry—he's the old salt that knows all there is to know about fishing in Buzzards Bay. Henry had told me just where was the best place to anchor. It's down there to the leeward of the black buoy in the Narrows, you know. I found the old Grouch that we see there so often on Sundays, fishing away in great shape—said he'd caught a baby whale and two swordfish just before I arrived, but I don't believe it; he's one of those old leather-pates that's always telling fish-stories. At any rate, I didn't see him catch anything while I was there, and I sat there all the afternoon. The fact is, the tide was too low

to catch anything. The fish won't bite, somehow or other, when the tide is going out. I hadn't thought of that when I started or I would have taken some lunch. The old Grouch was apparently contented to catch no fish. He would change his bait now and then, spit on it, throw it overboard, and take a pull at a flat bottle which he kept floating in the water at the side of his skiff. He was a queer proposition. He'd sit there dozing, jiggling his line by spurts, and forever relighting his reluctant corncob.

Whether I had gone to sleep or not, I do not know—I must have been dozing at any rate, for I suddenly realized that my boat had swung completely around, that it was rocking violently, and that the old duffer in the skiff was pulling in a large-sized tautog. The tide had turned! I rebaited my line with two of the choicest fiddlers in my bait can, and, on casting, was overjoyed to feel a nibble—the first of the season for me. Another nibble! and a strike! Well, sir, I started to pull in on that line. Now, partly because it had all been so sudden, and partly because the fish was so heavy—I swear it must have been a ten-pounder if it weighed an ounce—I say, for several reasons, I altogether neglected to be careful about coiling my line as I pulled it in. The upshot of it was that the fish got away before I had him half pulled in, and I found myself all balled up in wet fish line. It was twisted twice around my neck, about "steen" times around my arms and coat-

buttons, and my feet were so entangled I had to cut the line in forty places to unbind them.

The old man in the skiff was pulling in another tautog—there was evidently a school of them down there. I got out another line as quickly as possible—in my excitement kicking over the bucket of fiddlers. Would you believe it, I sat there two mortal hours not a rod from where the other man was catching a fish every five minutes—sat there two hours before I got a bite. That bite came as suddenly as the previous one—I was caught off my guard, and tangled myself up in the line even worse than before. But this time I got my fish, a long, wriggling, green, slimy eel—the largest one I ever saw. Well, sir, that eel took turns wrapping himself around my legs, arms, and neck—I thought at the time he was trying to bite me. I grabbed the bilge-pump, and smote desperately at the monster's head, and, instead, crushed terribly my left great toe. This made me about six times as desperate as I already was, and—well, I was suddenly brought to a halt by a sharp crack on the back of my head. The old fellow in the skiff was swearing loudly, and shying clams at me. It seems my boat had been dragging anchor, and had drifted down onto his little skiff, nearly swamping it.

"Well, what shall I do?" I cried breathlessly, but the chump just stood there throwing clams, and calling me vile names. When I tried to pull up the anchor I found it was caught in a rock. I cut the rope, begged the man's pardon, and drifted—just sat down on

the combing and drifted. I was all and completely "in."

Then it was that I realized the damage that had been wrought. Two oil cups on the engine were broken, the boat was generally messed up with scattered oil cans, engine wrenches and displaced sofa pillows. The bilge-pump was bent all out of shape, my new khaki trousers were all bespattered with oil, and ripped up one leg, and a fish hook had become confused with the seat—so confused, I may say, that I was obliged, after half an hour's jerking and scratching (the seat of one's trousers is by far the most unreasonable part of one's attire at which to carry on such operations), I was obliged, I say, in the interest of good English, and as a preventative against further angry outbursts, to cut out the hook.

After all that, the engine wouldn't go—absolutely refused. It would chug a couple of times, kick back, and spit. I thought it was leaking oil from the base at first, but, on investigation, found that the eel had slipped down into the engine pit, and was spattering around there about as much alive as when I pulled him out of the water—you can't kill 'em!—you can't kill 'em! Well, I fussed over that engine until I was red in the face, until my back felt broken in three places, and until—well, there was a lot of this eel-slime daubed all over the floor. Right in the midst of my operations on the engine, my foot slipped on that slime, my legs went shooting in the air, and my head came down "kerwallop" on the hard edge of a seat. After that I was not respon-

sible. I have a vague remembrance of deciding that the engine, and, in fact, the whole craft, for that matter, might go to—er—a—to Provincetown for all of me; and I have a dreamy recollection of being towed home by a young motor bug, who presumed to inform me that I really ought to have the oil cups fixed—just as though I didn't intend to fix them—and who, later, found a fiddler in the carburetor, and said that was

the reason the engine wouldn't go—I don't believe a little thing like that would stop an engine, do you?

Oh! I intend to go out again some time under more favorable circumstances. That reminds me, I haven't taken that eel out of the engine-pit since—bet he's still alive, too. Well, at any rate, I'm glad those fellows don't know anything about the trip, they'd laugh their foolish heads off. So long!

1911.



He studied hard and long



He failed to pass



But what's the odds? W.C.P. '12

THE ANNUAL CRISIS

RECORD OF THE CLASS OF 1912

Aggott, Albert George—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Greenwood Grammar School.

Ahearn, Richard Lombard—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Bennett Grammar School of Brighton. He won a fidelity prize in 1910-11; a modern prize in 1911-12; and a prize for conduct above criticism during four years, 1912.

Alberts, Emanuel—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Dwight Grammar School.

Allison, Foster Eames—Entered the Sixth Class from the Phillips Grammar School. He was a Lieutenant of Company K, 1911-12, secretary of the Class Day Committee, 1912, and a member of the Class Glee Club, 1912.

Almeda, Walter Benjamin—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Paul Jones Grammar School. He was a member of the Swimming Team, 1912.

Ames, John Lincoln, Jr.—Entered the Sixth Class in 1906 from the Prince Grammar School. He was a Lieutenant of Company I, 1912.

Banquer, Jacob—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Sherwin Grammar School.

Barrett, William Joseph—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Frederick Lincoln Grammar School. He won a classical prize in 1908; a fidelity prize in 1909; and a

prize for conduct above criticism during four years, 1912.

Bean, Henry Clifford—Entered the Sixth Class in 1906 from the Oliver Wendell Holmes Grammar School. He won classical prizes in 1906-7, 1907-8, and 1909-10; approbation prizes in 1906-7, 1907-8, and 1910-11; he was President of the Class of 1912; Lieutenant and Captain of Company M, 1912; Chairman of the Pin Committee, 1912; a member of the Class Glee Club, 1912; and Stroke of the Second Crew, 1912.

Bergheim, Samuel Leo—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Hugh O'Brien Grammar School. He was a Lieutenant in Company G, 1912; a member of the B. L. S. Glee Club, 1910-11; and Concert-Master of the Latin School Orchestra, 1911-12.

Berman, Saul—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Sherwin Grammar School. He won a fidelity prize in 1910; was a Lieutenant in Company C, 1912; and a member of the Latin School Orchestra, 1911-12.

Brady, William Cleigh—Entered the Sixth Class in 1906 from the Lewis Grammar School. He was a member of the Track Team, 1911 and 1912.

Brickley, Arthur Joseph—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1907 from the Prescott Grammar School. He won a modern prize in 1908-9, and was

a Lieutenant in Company B in 1912.

Campbell, George Harold—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Frothingham Grammar School. He was a member of the Latin School Baseball Team in 1912.

Carey, Albert Bernard—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Mary Hemenway Grammar School.

Carpenter, Henry Hoyt—Entered the Sixth Class from the Bennett Grammar School of Brighton in 1906. He won classical prizes in 1907-8, 1908-9, and 1910-11; modern prizes in 1906-7 and 1909-10; approbation prizes in 1907-8, 1910-11, and 1911-12; essay on "Washington, the Soldier," 1910; he was Regimental Quartermaster in 1911-12; an Editor of the "Register" Staff in 1910-11 and 1911-12; and he won a prize for conduct above criticism during six years, 1912.

Cashin, Benedict Edison Charles—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Phillips Brooks Grammar School. He was Captain of Company H in 1912.

Church, Arthur Albert—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Lewis Grammar School. He won a fidelity prize in 1908-9.

Cleveland, Allen Lindell—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Longfellow Grammar School of Roslindale. He was a member of the Dance Committee in 1912; the Class Poet, 1912; and he received a fidelity prize, 1911-12.

Colby, John Noyes—Entered the Sixth Class in 1906 from the Prince

Grammar School. He was a member of the B. L. S. Football Team in 1909-10, 1910-11, 1911-12; a member of the Pin Committee, 1912; he won a modern prize in 1908-9; and was a member of the W. T. Campbell Memorial Committee.

Cook, Earle Warren—Entered the Sixth Class from the Lowell Grammar School. He was Lieutenant and Captain of Company L, 1911-12.

Cribben, Leo Thomas—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1907 from the William E. Russell Grammar School. He was Lieutenant and Captain of Company B in 1912.

Cronin, John Joseph—Entered the Sixth Class in 1906 from the Prince Grammar School.

Crowley, Joseph Lawrence—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from Our Lady of Perpetual Help Grammar School. He won a prize for a conspicuous record of attendance during four years, 1912.

Cullinane, John Brendon—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Chapman Grammar School. He won a fidelity prize in 1909, and a prize for conduct above criticism during four years, 1912.

Cummings, George Aloysius—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the William E. Russell Grammar School. He won a classical prize in 1908-9, and an approbation prize in 1909-10.

Daley, Daniel Leo—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the William E. Russell Grammar School. He played on the B. L. S. Baseball Team, 1911-12; on the Football Team,

1911; on the Second Basketball Team, 1910, and was a member of the Class Day Committee, 1912.

Davidson, Percy Bernard—Entered the Sixth Class in 1906 from the Prince Grammar School. He won a fidelity prize, 1906-7.

Doherty, Gerald Leo—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Edward Everett Grammar School. He won an approbation prize in 1908-9; was Coxswain of the Second Crew, 1909; member of the Second Basketball Team, 1910; Manager of the Football Team, 1911; a member of the Swimming Team, 1912; and a member of the Baseball Team; and of the photograph committee 1912.

Doherty, John Andrew—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1907 from the Dearborn Grammar School. He was a member of the Football Team, 1911; played on the Baseball Team, 1912; was a member of the Hockey Team, 1912; was Captain of the Swimming Team, 1912; a member of the Photograph Committee, 1912; and Captain of Company E, 1912.

Donoghue, James Aloysius—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Thomas N. Hart Grammar School. He was Lieutenant in Company B, 1911; and Captain of Company K in 1912.

Doyle, John Joseph—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Sherwin Grammar School.

Driscoll, Frank Joseph—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1907 from the St. Francis de Sales Grammar School. He was a member of the Foot-

ball and Track Squads in 1911-12.

Drummev, William Wolftone—Entered the Sixth Class in 1906. He was Lieutenant and Captain of Company E, 1911; was Secretary of the Class of 1912; Manager of the Swimming Team, 1912; and Chairman of the W. T. Campbell Memorial Committee.

Duff, Paul Harrington—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1907 from the Warren Grammar School. He won an Honorable Mention for Individual Drill, 1908; was a member of the Second Football Team, 1910; was a Lieutenant of Company M in 1910; Lieutenant and Captain of Company B, 1910-11; Captain of Company I, 1911-12; a member of the 1911 Football Team; a member of the Second Crew, 1912; and he won the second prize in reading, 1912.

Dukeshire, Wallace Benjamin—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1907 from the Washington Allston Grammar School. He won a medal for Individual Drill, 1910; was a Lieutenant of Company I, 1910-11; Captain of Company M. which won the Second Junior Prize, 1911-12; was a member of the Second Football Team, 1908-9, and made the First Football Team, 1910-11; was a member of the Crew, 1912; member of the Dance Committee, 1912; was a member of the Class Glee Club, 1912; and was chosen a member of the Boston Interscholastic Crew, 1912.

Ehrenfried, Mason Simons—Entered the Sixth Class in 1906 from the Prince Grammar School. He was a Lieutenant in Company F, 1910-11; a member of the Football Squad, 1909-10; was an

and a prize for a conspicuous record of attendance during four years, 1912.

Fitzgerald, William Anthony—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Harvard Grammar School. He won classical prizes in 1908-09 and 1909-10; approbation prizes in the same years; and a prize for conduct above criticism during four years, 1912.

Flanagan, Richard Thomas—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Charlestown High School. He graduated from the Harvard Grammar School in 1907. He was a member of the Track Team, 1912.

Forman, Harry—Entered the Sixth Class in 1907 from the Phillips Grammar School. He won a classical prize in 1907-8; is distinguished for completing the six years' course in five years; he won a fidelity prize in 1911-12; and a prize for conduct above criticism during five years, 1912.

Gaetain, Arthur Leonard—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Mather Grammar School. He won a fidelity prize in 1909-10.

Gillis, Frederick James—Entered the Sixth Class in 1906 from the Phillips Brooks Grammar School. He won a classical and an approbation prize in 1906-7; a modern and an approbation prize in 1907-8; a fidelity prize in 1908-9; a modern prize in 1910-11; he won a medal for Individual Drill in 1911; was a Lieutenant in Company M in 1911; was Lieutenant and Captain of Company D in 1911-12; a member of the Track Team, 1911-12; Associate Editor of "The Register," 1910-11; Business Manager of "The Register," 1911-12; and was a member of the Pin

Committee, 1911-12; member of School Glee Club, 1909-10, and of Class Glee Club, 1911-12.

Gormley, Arthur Thomas—Entered the Sixth Class in 1906 from the Lowell Grammar School. He was a member of the Track Team, 1911-12.

Graham, James Henry—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Dearborn Grammar School. He was a member of the Football Team, 1910-11; member of the Basketball Team, 1909-10; played on the Baseball Team, 1910 and 1912; and was a member of the Athletic Committee.

Grant, Elliott Mansfield—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Lewis Grammar School. He won a modern prize in 1908-9, a classical prize in 1909-10, a fidelity prize in 1910-11, and a modern prize in 1911-12.

Green, Francis John—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1907 from the Harvard Grammar School. He was a member of the Football Team in 1909, 1910 and 1911.

Harrington, William Edward—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Prince Grammar School. He was Treasurer of the Class Day Committee, 1912; he won an Honorable Mention in Drill, 1909; was Coxswain of the Crew, 1910-11; Manager of the Swimming Team, 1912; and was Assistant Manager of the Baseball Team, 1912.

Hayes, Francis Edward—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Bigelow Grammar School. He won a prize for a conspicuous record during four years, 1912.

Hebb, Gordon Beale—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908

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from the Charles Sumner Grammar School. He was a lieutenant of Company A, 1911-12, and was a member of the Track Team, 1911-12.

Hermanson, William Abraham—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Dwight Grammar School. He won a modern prize in 1910.

Hill, Creighton James—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Christopher Gibson Grammar School. He was a member of the Track Team in 1910-11.

Huggan, Homer Milton—Entered the Sixth Class in 1906 from the Prince Grammar School. He was the athletic editor of "The Register" in 1911-12.

Jones, Philip—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1907.

Kelly, Joseph Mary—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1907 from the St. Mary's Grammar School.

Kiley, Harry Francis—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1907 from the Frothingham Grammar School. He was a member of the Baseball Team in 1910, 1911 and 1912, and a member of the Football Team in 1911.

King, Richard Stuart Cutter—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Prince Grammar School. He was a member of the Football Team in 1910-11 and 1911-12; was captain of Company D, 1911-12; member of the Second Crew, 1910-11.

Laird, Arthur Gordon—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from a Grammar School in Amherst, Mass.

Langer, William Leonard—Entered the Sixth Class in 1906 from the Bigelow Grammar School. He won a classical prize in 1908-9, and an approbation

and modern prize in 1909-10.

Lewis, David—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Dearborn Grammar School. He won a classical prize in 1910-11.

Liberti, Angelo—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Dearborn Grammar School. He was a member of "The Register" staff in 1911-12, and won a fidelity prize in 1911-12.

Lincoln, Newton Ewell—Entered the Out-of-Course Class in 1908 from the Mather Grammar School. He was a Lieutenant in Company D, 1911-12, and he won a modern prize in 1908-9.

Liptzer, Morris—Entered the Sixth Class in 1907 from the Phillip's Grammar School. He won a fidelity prize in 1908-9, and is distinguished for completing the six-years' course in five years.

Lonergan, George Edward Joseph—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1907 from the Bigelow Grammar School. He was the winner of a classical prize in 1908-9.

Lynch, Edward Matthew—Entered the Sixth Class in 1906 from the Lowell Grammar School. He was a member of the Hockey Team, 1911-12.

McCarthy, Frank William—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1907 from the Phillips Brooks Grammar School.

McHugh, Joseph Aloysius—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Paul Jones Grammar School.

McInnis, Charles David—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Henry L. Pierce Grammar School.

McKay, Edward Francis—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Roger Wolcott Grammar School. He won a fidelity prize, 1908-9; classical prizes, 1909-10, 1910-11, and 1911-12; an approbation prize, 1911-12; and a prize for conduct above criticism during four years, 1912.

MacKinnon, Neil Laughlin—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1907 from the Rice Grammar School. He won a modern prize, 1908-9; was a member of the Latin School Glee Club, 1907-8 and 1908-9; was a member of "The Register" Staff, 1911-12, and was chairman of the Class Day Committee, 1912.

Mannis, Ralph Francis—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Mary Hemenway Grammar School. He won classical prizes in 1908-9, 1909-10, and 1910-11, and an approbation prize, 1908-9.

Myers, Marcus William—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Christopher Gibson Grammar School. He was a member of the Track Team, 1911-12.

Nash, Samuel Elliot—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Brighton High School. He was a Lieutenant in 1911; Captain of Company L and Colonel of the Regiment, his Company being the winner of the first Junior prize, 1911-12; he was the winner of a scholarship of the Harvard Club of Boston, 1912; was President of the Latin School Club, 1912; a member of the Latin School Orchestra, 1912; played on the Hockey Team, 1911-12, and was a member of the Class Glee Club, 1912.

Nelson, Stephen Everett Noble—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Harvard Grammar School. He was a Lieutenant in 1910-11; Captain of Company G in 1911-12; was Major of the Third Battalion, 1912,

and received prizes for attendance and conduct above criticism during four years, 1912.

Nolan, Walter Francis—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908.

O'Brien, Michael James—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1907 from the Burnett Grammar School.

O'Hare, Joseph James—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1907 from the Prince Grammar School. He played on the Football Team in 1909, 1910 and 1911; was chairman of the Photograph Committee, 1911; and was appointed to West Point, 1912.

O'Shea, Edward Morrison Fabian—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class from the Lyman Grammar School. He wrote the Class Song, 1912.

Packard, Winchester Clifton—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1907 from the Longfellow Grammar School of Roslindale. He won a modern prize and an approbation prize, 1907-8; a modern prize and an approbation prize, 1908-9; a fidelity prize in 1910-11; medals for individual drill, 1908, 1909 and 1911; was a lieutenant in Company M, 1911-12, becoming, after prize drill the battalion adjutant; was a member of the Pin Committee, 1912; a member of the W. T. Campbell Memorial Committee, 1912; was coxswain of the crew, 1912; was editor-in-chief of "The Register," 1911-12, and he won a prize for an English poem, 1911-12.

Perkins, Harrison Charles—Entered the Third Class in 1909 from the Braintree High School. He was a Lieutenant of Company G 1911; and a member of the Class Glee Club, 1912.

Prout, James Gregory—Entered the

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Out-of-Course Third Class in 1909 from the Somerville Latin School.

Rabinowitch, Isaac—Entered the Sixth Class in 1905 from the Dearborn Grammar School. He was a Lieutenant in Company M in 1911.

Raymond, Phillip Hayward—Entered the Third Class in 1909 from the Roxbury Latin School. He won modern prizes in 1909-10 and 1910-11; won the first prize in reading, 1912, and a classical prize, 1911-12.

Robinson, William Lansing—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Polytechnic High School of San Francisco, Cal. He played on the Football Teams of 1910 and 1911; was a member of the Athletic Committee, 1910-11; of the Dance Committee, 1912; was Captain of Company C, 1911-12; and rowed on the crew, 1912.

Rubin, Louis—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Lewis Grammar School. He was the winner of the second prize in reading, 1911; of a special prize in declamation, 1910, and of the first prize in declamation, 1911.

Shwarz, Arthur Adolph—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class from the Quincy Grammar School.

Severy, Clarence Geddes—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1907 from the Hingham Centre Grammar School. He won the first prize in bugling, 1910, and was drum major of the 1912 Drum Corps.

Sharaf, Aaron Henry—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Lyman Grammar School. He won a fidelity prize in 1910-11.

Sliney, Edward Lawrence—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908

from the Phillips Grammar School. He was a member of the Track Team, 1912; was a Lieutenant of Company C, 1911-12; and, after prize drill, became battalion adjutant.

Soucy, Ernest William—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Brimmer Grammar School. He was a member of the Basketball team, 1909, 1910 and 1911; of the crew, 1910, 1911, and 1912, being Captain in 1911; was a member of the Football Team, 1910-11; was Captain of Company A, 1911-12; a member of the Photograph Committee, 1912; was manager of the Baseball Team, 1912; was a member of the Track Team, 1912, and was chosen a member of the Boston Interscholastic Crew, 1912.

Stearns, Charles Francis, Jr.—Entered the Sixth Class from the Hugh O'Brien Grammar School. He was a member of the Class Glee Club, 1912.

Sullivan, George William—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1907 from the Adams Grammar School.

Sullivan, Jerome Joseph, Jr.—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Dudley Grammar School. He won modern prizes in 1910 and 1911; a fidelity prize in 1909; medals for individual drill, 1909 and 1910; was Captain of Company F and, after prize drill, Major of the Second Battalion, 1911-12, and received prizes for attendance and conduct above criticism, four years, 1912.

Tate, Albert Austin—Entered the Sixth Class in 1905 from the Warren Grammar School. He received a medal for individual drill in 1910; was a member of the Football Team, 1908, 1909, 1910, and Captain in 1911; was a mem-

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ber of the crew, 1910, 1911, and Captain in 1912; was chosen tackle on the All-Scholastic Football Team, 1911; was vice-president of the Boston Interscholastic Rowing Association; a member of the Baseball Team, 1912; member of the Pin Committee, 1912; was Captain of Company E, 1911; he was the class prophet, 1912; and was chosen a member of the Boston Interscholastic Crew, 1912.

Thumin, Leo Abraham—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1906 from the Abraham Lincoln Grammar School.

Vaccaro, John—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908. He was a member of the Class Day Committee, 1912; received a prize for conduct above criticism during four years, 1912; won a prize for a translation into English from Libby, Lib. xxi, xxx, 1912; he won the first prize in declamation, 1912.

Vinal, Albert Watson—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1907 from the Mary Hemenway Grammar School. He was a Lieutenant in Company F, 1910-11; Captain of Com-

pany B, which won the First Senior Prize, thereby making him Lieutenant-Colonel of the Regiment, 1912; was chairman of the Dance Committee, 1912; manager of the Track Team, 1912; and was a member of the Relay Team, 1912.

Wald, Lewis—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Hingham High School. He was assistant manager of the 1912 Track Team.

Washburn, Alfred Hamlin—Entered the Sixth Class in 1906 from the Prince Grammar School. He was a Lieutenant in Company A, 1911-12.

Zimmerman, Joseph Herman—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Mather Grammar School. He won a classical prize in 1908; a modern prize and an approbation prize in 1909; a classical prize, 1911-12; an approbation prize, 1911-12; he was awarded the Derby Medal for a Latin essay on *Aquaeductus apud Romanos*, 1912; and he won a prize for conduct above criticism during four years, 1912.

Zimmerman, Walter—Entered the Out-of-Course Fourth Class in 1908 from the Abraham Lincoln Grammar School of Lowell.

Total—102.

STORIETTES

THE TOAST.

How could this proud young Englishman know me, poor Masa Burgah, the Idol's slave? How could he tell me from the thousands of other Indians he had seen out there in that weird country?

But the Idol never forgets a friend or foe, and I am the Idol's slave.

Five years before, in an old temple near Ferozepore, this rich, young man had come to see our yearly pilgrimage to our Idol, "to see the brown devils rave." In the midst of the most solemn, holy moment, when our Idol

deigns to speak, this fool stood up in the midst of his friends—for the temple is open to all in the holy season—drew a flask from his pocket, took a drink, and offered it to our Idol, saying, "Have one on me, old girl!" Nor did he stop there, for, when one of the priests endeavored gently to correct him, he threw the contents of the flask full in the face of the Holy of Holies. The Idol never forgets friend or foe.

So here was I, poor Masa Burgah, in this strange city, waiting to fulfil the errand of vengeance for the Idol. To support myself, I had opened a small shop, where Indian jewelry could be bought, and other jewelry repaired, for I am cunning in working gold. Into my shop came this same insolent man, fresh with youth, and gave me a gold ring, a wedding ring, his mother's. I was to remodel it to fit his bride's finger, for he was to be married soon. Here was the Idol's chance!

With me from India I had brought the "cold flame," the deadliest poison we know. The slightest touch to flowing blood would result in inevitable death, death with the tortures of the damned. First a chill pervades the body, but the brain is bathed in molten lead. The vision is distorted, the face grows black, the feet are as ice, while the brain whirls in flames. Such is the "cold flame."

By my cunning, I put this in the ring, and carefully roughened one side so that the finger must be pricked putting it on.

I was sworn to see the vengeance carried out, and right graciously did the

young man invite me to see him wed at the church.

The wedding day dawned with all the glory of June, all was propitious—for our Idol. The church was filled, and I was late, but not too late to see the ring put on the unsuspecting maid. The clergyman took the ring, and put it on the outstretched hand. The maid gave a little start as the rough inside cut her, but made no further sign. They were man and wife, and, flushing with joy, the groom was leading his bride from the church. Suddenly her face grew black, her palm grew cold in his. "She faints! Water!" cried the man, but no one moved; it was as if all were in a spell. Her eyes protruded, her nostrils quivered, her hands clenched. "Oh, Walter, my head—it burns!" she moaned as she writhed in her husband's arms. She lay still for a moment, then, with convulsive energy, cried out, "I see a great figure! Oh! Walter, save me! . . . It's pouring flames upon my head! . . . It points—it points—to—you!" Then, as he stood, with his bride dead in his arms, I arose, and shouted, "The Idol returns your toast; she has had 'one on you!'"

W. W. D., '12.

THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW.

Summer was coming. In fact, its presence was becoming too apparent for the welfare of the students of the Tyler High School. The day was warm, and the interior of Room B was anything but comfortable. In the rear of the room,

close by an open window, through which fragrant breezes conveyed the tidings of approaching summer, John Henry Simmons was vainly trying to study. The outdoors invited him forth, and then—oh, yes! the instructor was speaking,—yes it was pay day, so it was. Mr. Yeaton would be absent from the room for two minutes. Hum, wish he'd stay a half an hour. John looked at the clock—12.30; no freedom till 2. Oh! pshaw! he had to stay for Greek till 3.00. Horrors! He looked at the window, then at his cap on the nail. Like a flash his mind was made up. He grabbed his hat, jumped on the sill, and was gone. A laugh arose from within. He heeded it not, He was free! And, like the frisky boy that he was, he bounded along towards the village square. A car went by, filled with people bound for the seashore. He whistled to it as it passed. School! Poof! what cared he? Censures? Marks? What were they to having a good time? Spurred on by his high spirits, he ran at top speed to the square, and thence to his home. After careful observation, he discovered that his mother was cleaning the front room! Fine! After ascending the water spout and procuring his swimming tights (a very necessary article of wearing apparel), he bounded off again, and soon arrived at the pool. All the afternoon, till the darkening shades of night came on, he dove and swam in the cool depths, forgetting school and the punishment that was sure to follow.

The next day, in as unconcerned manner as possible, John Henry walked into the class-room. Much to his surprise, Mr. Yeaton said nothing. That is Mr. Yeaton said nothing then. It was about 11 o'clock, when John was busily devouring the contents of a Greek Primer, congratulating himself on his escape, that he was startled to hear the voice of the instructor, in accents sweet, "Oh, by the way, Simmons, I guess you had better close that back window. Pretty strong draft there.

Sometimes it draws boys right out of doors. Tarry a while at 2.00, and I'll tell you about it. Mr. Richards, your Greek instructor, tells me he would like to talk it over with you, also."

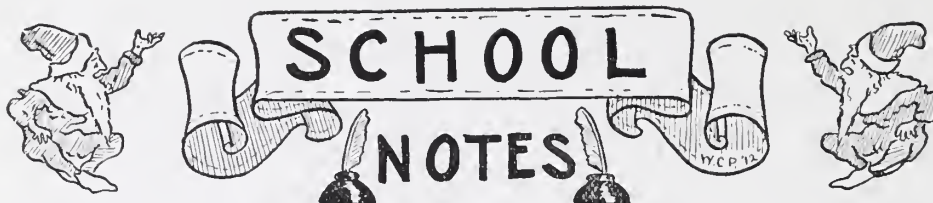
The reader, doubtless, can imagine the titters and laughter that followed. John Henry gnashed his teeth together, sulked a moment, and then exclaimed under his breath, "Gee, but that was a great swim!" R. C. K., '13.

FROM THE HARBOR OF NAPLES.

It is about four o'clock. All the harbor is alive with noisy movements. From the waves the breath of spring comes to the land; all around there is so much light that the eyes are dazzled. The sea, appearing like a mirror, glistens far away, till it mingles with the horizon. The masts and smoke-stacks of the ships rise, close to one another, from the harbor, and on the blue surface, boats and vessels of all sorts glide slowly towards the shore. Their sails, wide-spread in the full rays of the sun, gleam like clouds of a dazzling whiteness. Vesuvius, with its head towering as if to support the sky, stains the blue arch with a long and widening column of black smoke, and seems to look over the traffic of the sea with some austerity.

Turning our gaze towards the city, we notice streets which stretch straight up, without end, and along them a multitude, like that in the market-places, moves with confusion. The carts follow one another with rumbling, the locomotives whistle, the coaches roll on, and the men speed in every direction.

In the evening the harbor turns gradually quiet. The last ray of the sun dies, the stars begin to gleam with their trembling light, lamps appear far away, and the humming of the vast city gradually dies upon our ears. The splashing of the water becomes still softer, and the waves themselves seem to murmur the Ave Maria. A. L., '12.



SCHOOL NOTES

Now that another year has marked the end of another volume of "The Register," and we look back upon its pages, we feel that our duty has been successfully performed—performed with a will and an earnestness to please our subscribers and to maintain the good qualities of the paper. But our obstacles have been many. The task is a large one, and requires much real effort, effort to get advertisers and subscribers and effort to get manuscript enjoyable to our readers. We are fully convinced that it is the most difficult thing in the world to persuade an economical business man to advertise in a school paper. However that may be, we put forth every effort in this direction, and were successful in securing a sufficient number of advertisers to enable us to run the paper with the generous assistance of the school in subscribing. But it seems to us that the school did not respond quite as generously as it might. It would be a pity if a paper had sufficient material back of it with which to interest its readers, and not enough money to publish its material. But more is the pity that a paper should have money enough to print all the interesting articles and cuts imaginable, and not material enough to put its money to account. Therefore, on both these circumstances hinge the success of a paper. Now the staff is able to do considerable in the way of getting advertisements, but, in the two respects mentioned, it has to depend largely on the school for its support. Remember, it is

not the staff that makes the paper, although it can do a large part, but the school. It is the school that provides the necessary implements, so to speak, for the staff to work with, and, of course, the more the staff has to do with, the more it can show as a result. We do not say all this, implying that the school has been an unwilling and disinterested party with regard to the success of "The Register"—not at all! We thank our brothers for whatever assistance they have given us during the past year. But we wish to emphasize the need of even greater support if the school wishes for a successful paper, and to urge our comrades to help our successors in every possible way, both financially and otherwise, in the interest of the paper, themselves, and the school!

"The Register" staff wishes to thank all those who have helped to make the paper a success this year, and appreciates above expression the guidance of Dr. Byron Groce. Among those whose assistance has been of great benefit, and who, we feel, should be mentioned with distinction are: Henry Clifford Bean, president of the Class of 1912; William Wolftone Drummey, secretary of the Class of 1912; Charles Francis Stearns, Robert C. Kelley, Wallace Benjamin Dukeshire, and James Creighton Hill.

The Annual Prize Declamation was held in the afternoon of June 7 in the Exhibition Hall with more than usual

success, it seems to us. In the first place the music by which we entered seemed more inspiring—probably because our own orchestra was playing it. That feeling of self-ability to carry on a first-class program without outside assistance lent the occasion an atmosphere that we have not always felt. Our friends were present in the usual large numbers, keeping a lively corps of young officers busier than ever in ushering. These young gentlemen should be complemented on their fine, manly appearance and gentlemanly conduct, even though some were a bit hoggish in a delicate discrimination of the fair sex. The program, which “needed no translation,” offered an exceptionally efficient list of declamers, and the contest proved a very close one. The judges of the occasion, all Latin School graduates, were as follows: Mr. C. P. Greenough, Mr. J. P. Putnam, Mr. F. R. Hall, Mr. A. T. Cabot, Mr. R. Grant, Mr. M. W. Richardson, Mr. G. F. Harris, Mr. F. S. de Lue, Mr. G. A. Ham, Mr. C. D. Daly, Mr. G. Shuebruk and Mr. H. C. Rear- don. The Hon. Robert Grant, after a short talk, in which he called up memories of the Latin School of his day, and compared its declamations with the present one, announced the prize winners. The first prize was won by John Vaccaro, whose “One-Legged Goose” was the hit of the day; the second prize went to Mason Simons Ehrenfried, who spoke “The Little Regiment”; the third prize was awarded to Robert Levenson, who spoke “The Deacon’s Masterpiece”; Everard Deane Seeley won the special prize for the Third and Fourth Classes, and Emanuel Geoffrey Nathan received the special prize for the Fifth and Sixth

Classes. After this important part of the exercises had been completed, Mr. Pennypacker announced from the program that “there were very many boys, who, after the year had happily come to a close, seemed to be then holding prizes in their hands,” and he proceeded to read the names of the respective prize winners:

For excellence in classical studies—Edward F. McKay, Joseph H. Zimmerman, Phillips H. Raymond, Austin C. Alden, Frederick T. Leland, Francis X. Quinn, Arthur B. Lourie, John R. Campbell, Jr., Arthur J. Kiley, Francis T. Cody, Abraham M. Sonnabend, Robert C. Leggett, Herman Dana, Arthur F. Fay, Saul Yesner, Harold S. Thompson, Leonidas H. Hall, Jr., William F. Morrissey, Harold T. Tisdale, Stillman R. Dunham, Jr., Albert F. Cummings, Emanuel G. Nathan, Chester W. Morse, Walter T. Lundegren.

For excellence in modern studies—Richard L. Ahearn, Henry S. Finkel, Elliott M. Grant, Roger B. Tyler, Louis S. Goldberg, Eugene N. Siskind, Horace M. Baxter, Harold T. Sears, Gordon N. McKee, Horace M. Chadsey, Francis D. McGrath, Carl A. Levine, William C. Guay, Cutter P. Davis, Thomas A. A. Quirk, Edmund O’Callaghan, John J. Crowley, Harold Alberts, Danforth B. Lincoln, John J. O’Leary, Jr., Gerard B. Cleary, Joseph B. Nathan, Ralph C. Crowley, Edward E. Allen.

For excellence in reading—First prize, Phillips H. Raymond; second prize, Paul H. Duff; third prize, Karl E. Dimick.

For general excellence in conduct and studies—Francis T. Cody, Arthur F. Fay, Harold T. Tisdale, Herman Dana, Edward F. McKay, Henry H. Carpenter,

Horace M. Chadsey, Arthur B. Lourie, Abraham M. Sonnabend, Danforth B. Lincoln, Arthur W. Stockdale, Joseph H. Zimmerman.

For exemplary conduct and fidelity—Allen L. Cleveland, Harry Forman, Angelo Liberti, Clifford O. Miller, Maurice V. Dullea, Ernest L. Leverone, Richard A. May, William E. Daley, Thomas F. Ferris, George C. Demeter, Richard M. Baker, Thomas H. Greenberg, James T. Murray, Robert L. Schneider, Charles A. Leggett, Kenneth H. Jones, Arthur G. Steffi, John J. Healy, Jr., Timothy A. Sughrue, Clarence H. Brown, Abraham Segal, James W. Redmond, Jr.

For original written exercises—For an English poem, Winchester Clifton Packard; for an English essay, Jacob Melvin Heller; for a translation into English prose, John Vaccaro.

For military drill—Senior Company, first prize, Company B, Capt. A. W. Vinal, Lieuts. E. L. Sliney, L. T. Cribben; second prize, Company F, Capt. J. J. Sullivan, Jr., Lieuts. T. D. Craven, R. Duncan, Jr.; Junior Company, first prize, Company L, Capt. S. E. Nash, Lieuts. E. W. Cook, A. M. Cheney; second prize, Company M, Capt. W. B. Dukeshire, Lieuts. H. C. Bean, W. C. Packard. For excellence in manual of arms—Sergt. M. H. Gersumky, Corp. T. R. Tarrant, Sergt. E. A. O'Callahan, Private F. X. Quinn, Sergt. M. P. Ball, Sergt. J. A. Donovan, Corp. P. M. Petrocelli, Corp. P. S. Henderson, Sergt. S. M. Brown, Corp. A. M. Sonnabend. For excellence in drumming—First prize, Sergt. Walter D. Carr. For excellence on the bugle—First prize, Private Robert Levenson.

The Derby Prize—Joseph Herman Zimmerman.

Honorable mention for conspicuous records during the entire course—Of perfection in attendance, Francis E. Hayes, four years; Jerome J. Sullivan, Jr., four years; Stephen E. Noble Nelson, four years; Joseph L. Crowley, four years; Henry S. Finkel, four years. Of conduct above criticism, William J. Barrett, four years; Jerome J. Sullivan, Jr., four years; John Vaccaro, four years; Richard L. Ahearn, four years; Stephen E. N. Nelson, four years; John B. Cullinane, four years; Joseph H. Zimmerman, four years; William A. Fitzgerald, four years; Edward F. McKay, four years; Harry Forman, five years; Henry H. Carpenter, six years.

We cannot close this account without special mention of the Latin School Orchestra and its great success this year, due to the skilful leadership of Mr. William Pride Henderson. He has sacrificed more of his valuable time than many of us know in an effort to establish an organization of which the school has not always been able to boast. That he has succeeded cannot be questioned, and we feel sure that the movement for a school orchestra has taken deep root and will survive for many years to come. The Latin School Orchestra was not merely a background for the exercises on Declamation Day, it was a distinct feature such as will be remembered by us as much as, if not more, on account of its novelty, than any other number of the program. Its varied selections made each number of new interest, and its imitation of a country band "brought the house down." We extend our great appreciation of its efforts both to the members themselves and to their leader, Mr. Henderson.

The Latin School Club, the English High School Club, the Dorchester High School Club, and the Y. M. C. A. Day School Club held their third annual banquet in Memorial Hall, Harvard University, on Wednesday, May 29, 1912. About fifty were present from the Latin School. A very enjoyable and profitable evening was spent, during which the various school yells were given and speeches made by the presidents of the respective clubs. President Samuel E. Nash, the leader of this school's representatives, easily made the best school-boy speech of the evening. W. Earl Sprackling of Brown, the All-American quarterback in 1910 and 1911, and Mr. Whittemore made the big addresses, while the secretary of the organization, Mr. Don Sheppard Gates, was the toastmaster, and all three were greatly appreciated.

"The Register" staff for 1912-1913 is as follows: Editor-in-chief, Robert Chandler Kelley; business manager, Robert Duncan, Jr.; assistant business manager, Roger Browne Tyler; assistant editors, M. P. Bail, R. Levenson, E. N. Siskind, and P. M. Murdough.

Thirty years ago "The Register" was moribund. Came one who saw its possibilities. With resolute clear-sightedness he set to work to resuscitate it. Inaugurating a policy which the thirty years have proved sound, stoutly maintaining it (at times against strenuous opposition) till it first compelled the respect of its contemporaries, and then won their admiration, exercising a wise and kindly

supervision which has been inspiring, and maintaining by skilful selection and discreet assistance an editorial personnel which has always honored, while being honored by, the office, this one man has patiently, persistently, quietly, tirelessly, and successfully been the unseen but faithful guardian for all these years of "The Register's" interests.

As, with this issue, he passes his charge to other hands, it is fitting that at this time distinct recognition of this unique and unparalleled service be made, and that expression of the heartfelt gratitude of the school, past and present, be spread upon "The Register's" pages. The moral courage, moreover, which enables one to relinquish, while in full vigor of body and mind, the charge of a foster child which thirty years of constant care have rendered precious, cannot be too highly rated. Fortunate, indeed, will be "The Register" if it maintains the high standing and fearless independence for which it is so deeply indebted to Dr. Byron Groce.

Arthur D. Brigham, B. L. S., '08, won a \$250 Bowdoin prize, and a degree with distinction in Economics on his graduation this June at Harvard College.

Friday evening, May 24, the Latin School Club of Harvard invited the Senior Class of this school to an informal meeting. Mr. Pennypacker, Dr. Gallagher and Coach Fred O'Brien were the guests. After a few minutes' chat, Gardiner D. Howie, president of the club, introduced Mr. Pennypacker, the first speaker. Mr. Pennypacker read us a very interesting letter from one of the oldest graduates of our school, who is

now in the South. Dr. Gallagher told us of his experiences when he attended our school. Mr. O'Brien spoke forcefully of the value of athletics and the lessons to be learned from all branches of sport. After refreshments were served, James D. Ryan rendered several piano selections, and the meeting broke up. This was the second of these meetings, and it is the intention of Robert Gardiner Wilson, who is to be president of the club next year, to hold at least one each year in the future.

Samuel E. Nash of the First Class received the Charles Sumner Scholarship of \$200 awarded on the same terms as the Boston Harvard Club Scholarships. The fourth alternate for the club scholarships went to W. C. Parkard of the First Class.

On Wednesday, May 29, exercises were held in commemoration of Memorial Day in the Exhibition Hall. The school was fortunate enough to hear again a Civil War veteran from its own family, Mr. Richardson, whose combination of his own experiences and great moral lessons served to leave upon all those present an indelible impression. The following extract deserves many thoughtful readings:

"You are now, boys, in what may be called the preparatory training and testing period of life. You are being both taught and tried here in your three-fold nature, physical, mental, and moral. 'Have I the physical stamina to endure the toil and stand the strain of gaining a good, liberal education?' you may ask yourselves. That will depend largely upon the way you shall treat these

bodies of yours. Guard them well! '*Sana mens in sana corpore*'—a sound mind in a sound body—was the old Latin maxim, and we can't invent a better. It is the able-bodied soldier, remember, who wins the victory. Not a few boys, since I have been in the Latin School, have dropped out on this test alone.

"Then comes the mental side. How do I stand in my studies? What can I do with my foreign languages, ancient and modern? How successful am I in solving my problems? How well can I express myself in my mother-tongue? Not merely how do my teachers rate me, important as that may be, but am I conscious to myself of a growing power to meet these difficulties by my own unaided efforts, or am I one of those who must be continually running to others to have this or that explained? Oh! if we will only be honest with ourselves; there are ways enough by which we can fix the level to which we may measure up.

"Then comes the moral question, the keystone of the whole arch. Here, thank Heaven, whatever may be our talents in other directions, no one need, and no one ought to adopt any standard short of absolute God—ordained perfection. Fathers have often said to us, 'My son may not be able to lead his class in studies, but he can be perfect in deportment.' Every one acknowledges these things, but there is such a wide gap between conviction and action that it is true of all of us, and especially of young men in the preparatory stage of life, that:

'One needs to pose at times in life's
swift race

And look one's own sail squarely in the face.'

"So looking, can you, as a Latin School boy, say, like one of you said when he was dying, 'Father, I've always been a pure boy, clean in my thoughts and words. I've always endeavored to do the right. In school I never cheated and I never lied, and I've tried to shun what is mean and base and low.' Could you say this? If not, in Heaven's name make amends, and do it now.

"Well, whatever moral principles, and mental attainments a boy may carry with him from these halls into the great world outside, they will soon be subjected to the judgment of every relentless tribunal. To quote from Thomas Hughs a sentence I have before used on this platform: 'There will come in every young man's life a time when, before some stern command of duty, he will have to go down into the depths of himself, and lay open the principles which govern there.' Or, as Lowell puts it:

'Once to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide
In the strife of truth with falsehood,
For the good or evil side.'

In this rigorous sifting, it will depend upon ourselves whether we shall be garnered up as wheat, or cast aside as the world's rubbish. You won't know when these tests are coming. He who is not *always* prepared, is *never* prepared:

'Not an ear in Court or market
For the low, foreboding cry
Of those crises, God's stern winnowers,
From whose feet the chaff must fly.'

"I would have you, therefore, carefully decide what is your lot and place in life, and then, standing upon your

own ground, neither fighting a forlorn nor hopeless battle, nor losing an opportunity to win a great one, strike the best you know how. You may not know till long afterwards what success you have gained, but when the smoke of battle shall have cleared away, may you find that you have delivered a master-stroke, and have builded one more stone into that stairway by which you and your fellows may climb to the sublimest heights of manhood."

"Br-r umb, bum!" went the base drum.

"Rum-tum-tiddle!" went the snares.

"Tweedle-dee!" went the fifes—and the parade was on.

The captains yelled, "Squads right!" The sergeants yelled, "Hup!" and the sky rained guns to be in keeping with the martial occasion.

Then:

"Up from the alleys thick with mud,
With thump and paddle and splash and thud——

.
Up the street came the rebel tread,
Colonel Sam-Nash splashing ahead!

.
Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with heavy stride,
Stalked Colonel Benyon, wet to his-er-r skin,

Gently patting his horse's side," and he whistled through his little fingers. We quote Longfellow for technical reasons—to give local color to the situation. We mean merely to insinuate that the short fellow had little chance to cope with the circumstances. What? Longfellow didn't write it? Who? John Greenleaf? Well, that don't make a whit of difference!

Ah! that was a memorable spectacle—those five hundred white-ducked scions of the old Latin School, those five hundred redoubtable sons of their mothers, those five hundred doughty soldier boys—marching through thick and thin, black and slimy, in fact, any kind of mud they chanced to meet; marching forward, ever forward, towards the Common.

There were others marching, too—oh, my, yes! thousands of them! But they are hardly worth mentioning; they could not hold a candle to our five hundred. You see, they could not keep one lit in the rain, and what good is a candle, pray, that is not lit!

Such an impression did that bannered host make on the thrilling crowds that swarmed the sidelines that its fame hath travelled to far New York, and our local representative there sends word that Cohan and Harris are even now at work on a brand new popular song, commemorative of the occasion, entitled "While We Were Splashing through Boston."

And when they arrived at the Common, only to find that it was raining, and that they had come in vain, did they falter? No!

"Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs but to do or die!"

—er—that is, theirs but to swim back or drown on the spot! Nor were they even then bereft of their nerve. They had the "face" to right about. The serried ranks held fast, and back they paddled, back through wind and rain and Columbus avenue, back, back to their barracks.

"Slump, slump!" grunted the base-drum, for it was water-logged.

"Unkley-unk!" went the snares, for they were soaked.

"Twitsle-dees!" went the fifes, for they were full of rain.

"When can their glory fade?

Oh! the wet march they made!

All the world wonder'd.

Honor the march they made!

Honor the wet parade!

Noble five hundred!"

In truth, fellows, the parade was well carried out as far as was possible, and the Regiment should be complimented on the showing it made under the most provoking circumstances. To Colonel Benyon is due much praise, as well as to Colonel Nash, who was unfortunately deprived of the most pleasant part of his command, and to Quartermaster Carpenter. The school should feel proud of their work, and certainly showed the marks of its instruction.



"HONOR THE WET PARADE!"

HONOR THE MARCH THEY MADE!"

ATHLETICS

BASEBALL.

B. L. S., 2—Waltham, 11

Our baseball team ran up against a pretty stiff proposition when it played Waltham High on May 11, and while it annexed two runs, its opponents managed to run up eleven. Undoubtedly the absence of Boles on the mound made a great difference, for Dolson was hit freely. Furthermore, our third baseman had an off day, and several times his eagerness spoiled a good chance.

McCarthy and Kiley, who have just been declared eligible, played their first game with the team and their work helped Dolson greatly. McCarthy's hitting in particular was the feature of the game, although his fielding was none the less brilliant.

Summary.

Waltham0 2 0 7 2 0 0 0 0—11
B. L. S.0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 0—2

Runs—Day 2, Cobb, Fagan, Ashworth 2, Johnson, McCabe 2, Duffey, Healy, McCarthy 2. Two base hits—Day, Ashworth. Three base hit—Day. Stolen bases—Cobb, McCabe, Kiley, McCarthy 3, Dolson 2. First base on balls—Off Dolson 1, off Kiley 5. Struck out—By Fagan 7, by Cobb 2, by Dolson 2, by Kiley 2. Wild pitches—Fagan, Kiley. Hit by pitched ball—Fagan, Duffey. Time—1h. 45m. Umpire—Batchelder. Attendance—5,000.

B. C. H. S., 4—B. L. S., 2

In the fourth inning with the score 0

to 0 and two men on the base, Barron of the Boston College High School knocked out a home run. These three runs decided the outcome of the game, for, although Boston Latin got two runs, they were unable to overcome this lead. This game gave the championship of the city to Boston College.

Gill pitched a fine game for Boston College High and was very effective with men on the bases. Captain Boles came in for his share of the good work, but was accorded but poor support at times.

Summary.

B. C. H. S.....0 0 0 3 0 0 0 1—4
B. L. S.....0 0 0 0 1 1 0 0—2

Runs—F. Rogers 2, Barron, Connor, McCarthy, Boles. Two-base hit—Wholley. Home runs—Barron, Boles, Rogers. First base on balls—Off Gill 7, off Boles 4. Struck out—By Gill 9, by Boles 10. Double plays—F. Rogers and Reynolds. Time—1h. 50m. Umpire—A. J. Woodlock. Attendance—3,192.

M. A. H. S. 3—B. L. S. 0.

Mechanic Arts defeated the Boston Latin School, May 27, 3 to 0, at Franklin Field. The features were the playing of Handy for the winners and the good work of McGinn and Wholley for the Latin School team.

Summary.

M. A. H. S.....0 0 1 0 0 2 0 0—3

Runs—Lundberg, Gleason, Handy. Two-base hits—Lally, Moulton. Three-

base hit—Handy. Stolen bases—Handy, Wholley. Struck out—by Boles 10, by Moulton 11. Double plays—Boles and McCarthy, Morgan and Shea. Wild pitch—Boles. Hit by pitched ball—Daley, Campbell. Time—1h. 55m. Umpire—Mulrey. Attendance—500.

B. L. S. 6—E. H. S. 1.

May 30, 1912, is marked with a heavy black on the English High School's Athletic Calendar. Many a partisan of the Blue and Blue journeyed blithely out to the National League grounds in the morning and wended his sorrowful way homeward at noon.

Bill Boles sometimes likes to let himself loose, and when he met English High he was feeling particularly good, and sizzled the ball across the pan in great shape. At all times he had his opponents well in hand. But three English High School players passed first base, and but one—Henry—got around all the bags. Buttner, the pitcher, held our men to four hits, but he was very wild at times, giving three passes and hitting two men.

In the third inning Latin gathered in four runs. With one down Kiley and Miller singled. Wholley hit to the infield, but got to first in time, filling the bases. Graham laid down an easy one along the third-base line, and Kiley started for home. Buttner picked up the ball, and, in an excess of zeal, mistook the grandstand for the catcher, and while Fowler was springing after the sphere, Kiley and Miller ambled home, Two runs. Fowler, on recovering the ball, threw it to Buttner. Buttner, who was still rather rattled, shied it in the

direction of Third Baseman Norton's head, but Norton not being quite ten feet high, the ball kept on until it hit the fence. Result—another two runs, Wholley and Graham scoring.

We got two more tallies in the fourth. Boles looked as if a hit was the only thing that held any interest for him, and so Buttner passed him, preferring to try conclusions with McCarthy. When McCarthy hit, Boles was forced at second, but McCarthy evened that up by immediately stealing and arriving safely at the second station. Campbell hit to Norton, but was safe at first when Norton's throw to Second Baseman McPherson was dropped. Kiley fled out to Norton, but when Delaney muffed Miller's high one, Campbell and McCarthy scored.

Summary.

B. L. S. 0 0 4 2 0 0 0 0 0 — 6
E. H. S. 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 — 1

Runs—Wholley, Graham, McCarthy, Campbell, Kiley, Miller, Henry. Sacrifice—Maloney. Stolen bases—Henry, McGinn 2, Boles 2, McCarthy 2, Campbell. Struck out—by Boles 8, by Buttner 5. Time—1h. 55m. Umpire—T. Murphy. Attendance—5000.

YEAR'S REVIEW.

It is now a favorable time, when the school year is drawing to a close, to review the various athletic activities of the year, and comment on each branch of sport. The school teams had all such successful careers that no one team can be placed above another in importance. Furthermore, the whole student body has shown a lively appreciation of the efforts of our men engaged in ath-

letics, and has given them liberal support, not only financially, but also in their attendance at the games. For this the captains and managers of the different teams thank the school.

As football is the chief autumn sport it must be considered first. Here we come to a game in which individual playing counts for little, and in which success is assured only by co-operation and strong leadership. To Captain Tate and, through him, to Coach O'Brien the football team owes its victories. A hard, clean, driving player, always in the thickest of the fight, Tate set an example to his men. Close by him, Frank Green and Joe O'Hare played, and these three men made a combination through which it was next to impossible to go. Soucy at end, and Joe Green at quarter, were towers of strength both on the offensive and defensive, and Harry Kiley and King in the backfield were a fine pair of plunging backs. May the school have such another eleven next autumn!

As the frost began to settle in the ground Captain Cheney assembled his men and started the hockey team on its career. In this sport Madden, Cheney, and McLellan showed to great advantage, while Nash, Dukeshire, Ruggles, and Winn all played well.

When basket-ball was abolished in the Boston schools, the English high School formed a swimming team. Of course, the result is known: the Latin School also collected a few "human fish." After practising a week or so at the Cabot street baths, these swimmers started out to clean up everything in

sight. One by one the smaller schools fell, but still, looming up ahead, there stood the Blue and Blue. Well, something had to be done, and the Latin School boys were the ones to do it. When the English High-Latin School meet was over there was hardly an adherent of the Montgomery School to be seen. The men wearing the purple and white had walked over, or rather swam over, their opponents, to the tune of 50 to 25, or something like that. At any rate there was nothing to it. The ones deserving of special mention are Adams, who shone in the 50-yard and 100-yard dashes; Gersumky, who had them all beaten in the dive for distance and fancy diving events, and Boles, J. Doherty, Perkins, Dolson, Webber, and several others who gathered in all the extra points in the short and long swims.

When January 12th came around, the candidates for track honors had a chance to show their prowess. Of course, it was a foregone conclusion that the First Class would win the meet, but, nevertheless, there were several men from the other classes who showed up well, especially Joe Green and Weschkolofsky. Other men who distinguished themselves throughout the year were Cusick, in the 1000-yard and mile runs; Hamlin, Sliney and Qunton, in the high jump; Brady, in the hurdles; and Soucy, in the dashes, hurdles, and shot-put. Perhaps the man most valuable to the track team was Soucy, who came out this year for track for the first time. He was always one of the highest point-winners in our meets with other schools, winning now the hurdles, now the dashes, and sometimes both. Salladine, the captain of the team, was another star, his specialty being the "600." In

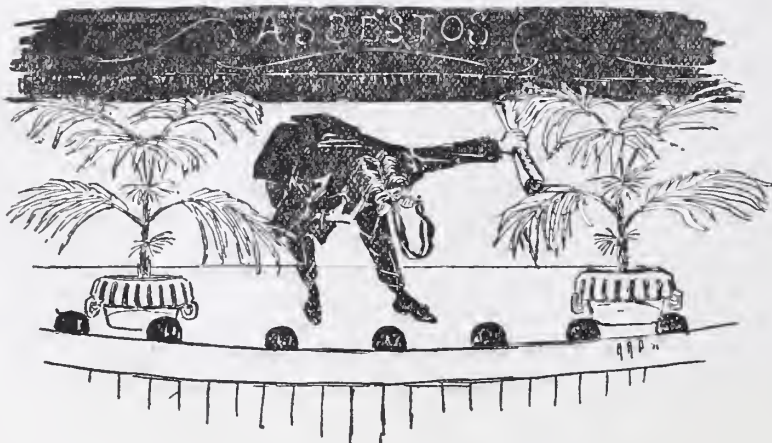
track alone did the English High School score a victory, winning by a score of $57\frac{1}{2}$ to $30\frac{1}{2}$, but at Wood Island Park in the meet of the Boston Schoolboys, our relay team ran rings around theirs in the fastest time of the day.

A good estimate of the baseball team can be got by reviewing the game with the English High School. English had a well-balanced team of hard hitters, but it failed miserably in the final test. The batting order of the Latin School baseball team is as follows: Wholley, 1. f.; Graham, 3; McGinn, c.; Daley, r.; Kiley, c. f.; Campbell, 2; M'Carthy, 1; Doherty, 1; Miller, ss.; Boles, p.

Although the final test of our crew this year did not result in a win, nevertheless, its showing against unusually fast adversaries was commendable in the highest degree. Hard and persistent training throughout the spring instilled a confidence in the members themselves which all would have agreed was not without reason, but, in the final trial, all the practice in starts, the good, even stroke acquired through long, regular rows, went for naught because we had failed to develop quite as fast a stroke

as our competitors. At the finish our men were comparatively fresh, while the crews of other schools manifestly showed their fatigue. This was in no way due to the fact that the Latin School's men did not exert themselves to the limit, but only goes to show what fine training did for them. Then, again, it must be borne in mind that the winning crew was but a length ahead of the Latin School's boat.

The order of the boat remained practically unaltered from the first of the season. Soucy, at stroke, is unquestionably as good as any other schoolboy in the city, and much of the stability of the boat depended upon his good judgment. Captain Tate, at No. 3, pulled an exceptionally strong oar, which, coupled with Dukeshire's long, steady stroke at No. 2, and supported by Robinson's work at bow, made a well-balanced boat, which was at all times rated of no mean account by its fellow contestants. To emphasize the high regard in which our crew was held, we may add that three of its four men were chosen for the Interscholastic Eight—Soucy, Tate and Dukeshire. H. M. H. '12.



BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL CREW, 1911-12



Left to Right:— W. L. ROBINSON, Bow; W. B. DUKESHIRE, No. 2; W. C. PACKARD, Coxswain; Capt. A. A. TATE, No. 3; E. W. SOUCY, Stroke.

THE TRACK TEAM, 1911-12



Left to Right Back Row:— Manguer, M. M. MEYERS, E. L. SLINNEY, W. F. REISER, G. DUNTON, C. J. HAMLIN, F. J. GILLIS, and Coach End OBRIEN
 Middle Row, Left to Right:— E. W. SOUCEY, E. A. O'CALLAGHAN, L. J. CUSICK, Capt. J. W. SALADINE, Jr., A. A. VINAL, T. D. CRAVEN and O. F. GREEN
 Front Row, Left to Right:— D. W. S. LAIRD, W. C. BRADY, and J. BOWER.

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